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THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

The Lord is in his holy place! Keep silence all the earth;
The "Prince of Peace" has come to reign! The babe of heavenly
birth,
The blessed babe of Bethlehem, who came so long ago,
And walked this cruel earth of ours, in garments white as snow.

We've seen his manger cradle, and long his birthday kept.
We've stood beside him at the cross, and by his grave have wept,
But now He comes, the King of kings!—"Be still," and take it
in—

He comes to make us free at last, from sorrow, want and sin.

No armies go before Him, nor sound of war is heard;
He comes to reign in broken hearts, who tremble at his word.
To bring the heavenly sunshine, to lighten every pain,
To heal the broken-hearted, and loosen every chain.

Fresh flowers spring in his pathway, with fragrance rich and rare;
The earth grows warm beneath his feet, and thorns all disappear,
While soft and sweetest melody comes down from choirs above,
To silence all our discord with heavenly notes of love.

He wears a glorious white crown, adorned with purest gems,
That far outshine in lustre all earthly diadems!
And only those that love Him well, and wait his will to do,
Can wear the pure white silver crown, pledge of allegiance true.

Oh blessed, holy Prince of Peace, who would not own thy sway?
Thee, all the tribes of earth and heaven shall worship and obey,
Speak Thou the word of freedom, give Thou the touch of power,
And in a joyful, happy world, come reign forevermore.

E. M. J.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

BJÖRNSON AS A PEACE PROPHET.

JOHANNES H. WISBY.

The great Scandinavian poet, in his early days of discouragement and obscurity, found a quiet and peaceful retreat in the sylvan seclusion of Dyrehaven, a little "Central Park" just outside of Copenhagen, and it was here that he wrote the wonderful romance of "Synnve Solbakken," that was to make him famous, not only in his own country, but throughout the civilized world. It was during a recent visit to this scene of his early struggles and triumphs, that this grand old skald of the North delivered in the Royal Concert Palais one of his most stirring and prophetic appeals to the people of this enlightened nineteenth century, to unite in that universal peace that, for so many centuries, the great heart of Christendom has longed and prayed for without avail.

It is noteworthy, that the members of the royal family of Denmark, who were present, were among his most enthusiastic auditors. Truly the world moves, and thrones as well as all things else must perforce move with it. Thus, words, that only a century ago might have been construed into treason, and have cost the bold speaker his head, are to-day applauded even by the lips of royalty.

Thunders of applause greeted the white-haired poet, as he slowly mounted the platform, that bloodless arena upon which he has won so many of his grandest victories, while the crowded audience listened breathlessly, to catch every word that fell from the lips of the great poet, orator and peacemaker. We may give the substance of his speech in words, but no pen can reproduce the wonderful play of feature, or the exquisite melody of the tones of this man, who, for the time, seemed to hold the hearts of all men in the hollow of his hand:

"I thank you for the loving welcome that you have given me, but the truth is, I stand here to-night in spite of myself, I am not prepared at present to speak freely in regard to this matter, but I appeal, to all who love the thought of universal peace, to lend me the aid of their sympathy, that shall give me strength."

The smile that accompanied this simple introduction, irradiated the grand old face like a glow of summer sunshine, while knitting his heavy brows, and glancing around the hall, he went on, in a voice that touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of every listener:

"When we read about an ugly murder, we are paralyzed with horror, and our first thought is one of vengeance upon the murderer. But when a little time has elapsed, and through the columns of the newspaper we learn, perhaps, of some terrible provocation or often extenuating circumstances, we begin to cool in our desire for retaliation, until at last, we are more than willing that the culprit shall escape the extreme penalty of the law. These two forces are arrayed against each other in every human heart, and in the majority of cases, compassion, in the end, wins the day." (These opposing principles, in nation as in individuals, were the pivotal points around which Björnson arrayed his arguments in the speech that followed):

"In the history of all nations we note the fruitless struggle of bestial force with moral evil, and even among ourselves to-day, we find the remains of those crude ideas of our savage ancestors. The time has been when, if a man of one tribe or nation took the life of a number of a neighboring tribe, perhaps one hundred of the murderer's race must die to avenge the wrong.

"Nowadays, we regard it righteous to slay the murderer alone; and yet, something of that same old thirst for vengeance is hidden away in our souls.

"If, for instance, some Danish sailors have been assaulted and killed by a party of Swedes, their comrades will become furious to avenge their death, and will kill,—kill fiercely, heedlessly,—nothing but blood will, for the time, satisfy them."

Then, with a tender pathos that no word can portray, the speaker pictures the sudden reaction from this national blood-thirst, when the fierce warrior, in his blood-stained path, sees a pair of pleading, outstretched human hands, and hears the cry of the children, and the moans of the women.

Again that gentler quality of mercy wins the victory.

Björnson continues:

"Now, we boldly name the deed of the military hero—murder! The idea is a new one to the masses, but it is a truth that, centuries ago, philosophers and wise men realized and taught to their disciples,—if not to the world. The only new thing about it is, that now, the great body of the people are able to understand and appreciate its significance.

"From every quarter of the globe echo the immortal words of Victor Hugo, 'He who kills, let him wear a monk's hood, or a king's crown, still he is a murderer.'

"Pascal said: 'If I kill a man on this side of the Channel, I am a murderer; if I kill him on the other side, I am a hero.'

"To-day these are the sentiments of millions, and between these millions is a constant interchange of thought and feeling.

"Those who are the material for the war detest that war,—they rise up in their righteous wrath before the princes,